

"IN FIFTEEN YEARS

THE

What God Hath Wrought."

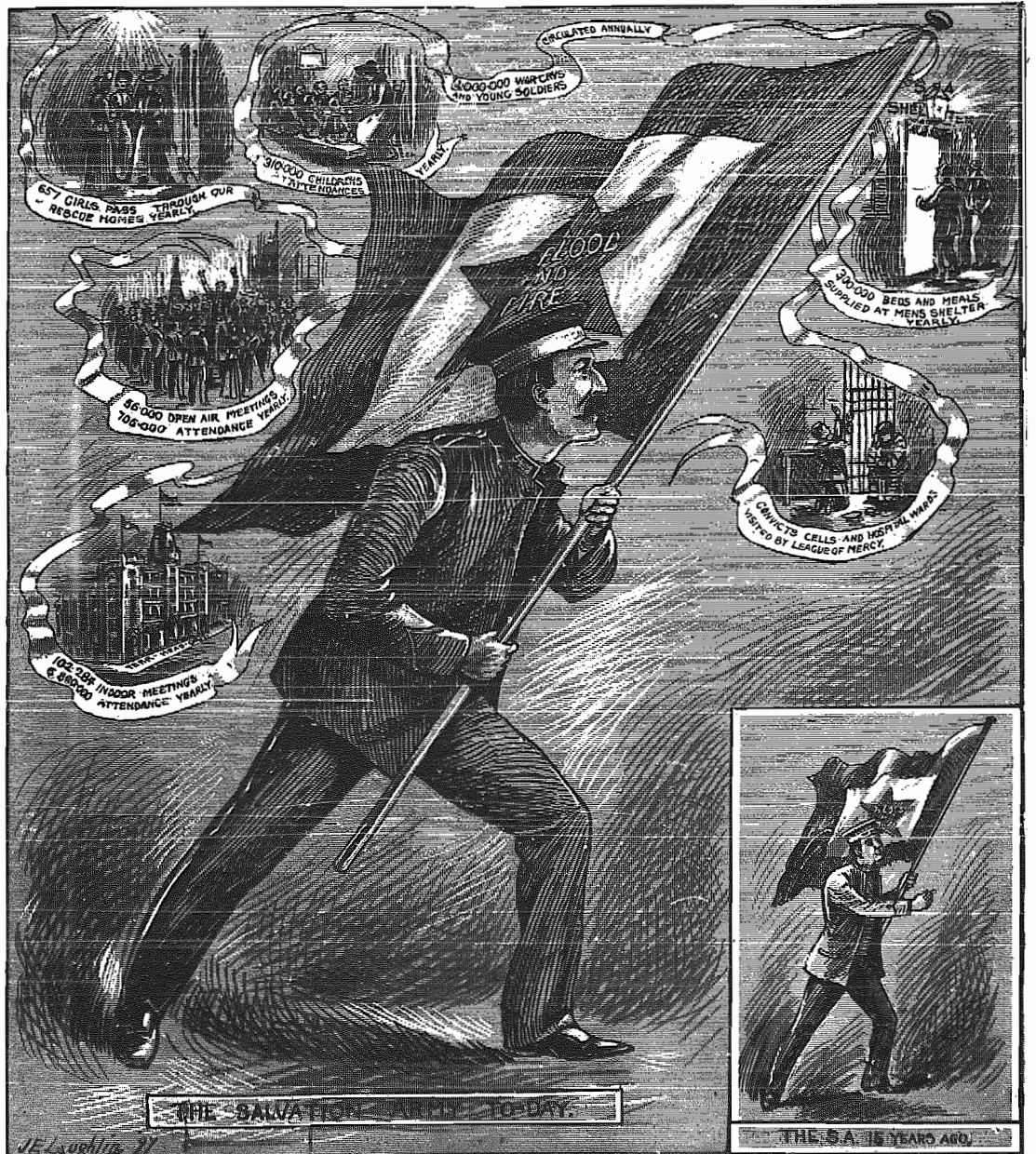
WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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A COMPARISON NOT ODIIOUS.

DAD SLOSS, Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON STATE HOME.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The following entry was made in the log of the "Tyne":

"The Barque 'Tyne' August 16th, 1867.

Lat. 33 deg. S. Long. 90 deg. E. Ten days, eight hours, from Perth, man died of consumption. Name, Archie Sloss, the famous convict, strange, etc. Had come on board disguised. We had no idea such a character was on board. Buried same day."

When the "Tyne" arrived in the Thames, detection boarded the vessel and made enquiries for Archie Sloss, who was believed to be on board a ship bound for London.

"Yes," said the skipper, in answer to their enquiries, "come down into the cabin and read an entry in the log."

"Dead, dead!" exclaimed the detectives. "He won't be any more. Thank Heaven for that! Archie Sloss dead and at the bottom of the Indian Ocean! That settles that procious gentleman!"

In the course of a few days the Times newspaper published an account of the death of the famous Australian convict and bushranger. It was a most intoxicating pleasure to be able to read the record of his own death in the newspaper.

Archie was faithful to the trust that the dead man had put into his hands to carry out.

His first act on reaching London was to travel to Chelmsford and hunt out the dead man's relatives, and hand over the money and the other goods and chattels. Archie stayed with the people a fortnight, according to request. At the end of this period he returned to London and made arrangements for a "fresh start in life." He can be relied upon to be able to know that Archie Sloss was still alive and back to his old trade as a burglar.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Law and the Criminal.

The Prison-law system of punishment in English convict establishments is purely intimidatory and non-reformatory. All the evidence that can be brought to bear on this subject only confirms this assertion.

One of the features of prison punishment is annihilation of the moral sense and reason of the law-breaker. No blame whatever must be attached to the prison warder for such an inhuman system, for if he is caught speaking a kind word to a poor, broken-hearted prisoner, he is liable to instant dismissal, for such a humane act constitutes a breach of prison discipline.

If a warder, when off duty, is seen by an inspector or a prison officer speaking to a discharged prisoner on the streets he is liable to the same penalty—instant dismissal!

Off duty, the prison warder is generally found in an English gentleman in character, a large-hearted man in private life, the perfect antipodes of the man when on duty. Many prison warders are known to be true Christians, and are waiting for the first opportunity to return to civil life, because Christianity and prison discipline are dogmatically opposed to each other.

He was in prison, and ye visited Me," said

The World's Redeemer.

What does these words suggest to us?

That some effort should be put forth for the reformation and the salvation of the criminal. A little human kindness goes a long way, even with a convict. This truth was beautifully illustrated in Archie Sloss when he first came in touch with the Salvation Army.

Oh, the power of human kindness! A little kindness, wisely administered, would save many a man from returning to the life of crime. We know Archie Sloss, and hundreds more who come to the Army. He is an enemy of society who thinks and speaks lightly of sin and crime. We must have law and justice. These two moral factors constitute the foundation of social and public security, and it is human and Divine justice that the law-breaker should be pun-

Is Christ in Us?

Is Christ in us? Be ours the glorious power

To show the Saviour shining in our face,

And through our eyes forth-putting His sweet power

To help the weak and wayward with His grace,

Oh, let not sin in us those windows dim

Through which the world might catch some glimpse of Him.

R. WILSON.



ished; but this punishment should be so constituted as to bring the offender to his senses, and not to deprive him of his senses. One of the most senseless and damning features of prison punishment is the annihilating, torturing and mind-destroying Silent SYSTEM.

What free-born Englishman can grasp what it means to live a whole month without speaking! Then try to imagine what a year without an articulation would feel like. Then try to think what effect five, ten, fifteen or twenty years of absolute, enforced dumbness would have upon a man!

Even the deaf and dumb "speak" to each other by their manual alphabet and God has provided every dumb animal with means for relieving its feelings. The bird sings, the dog barks, and so on throughout Creation—but a

Convict is Even Worse off

than a dumb animal in this respect. The result of the enforced Silent System is a recognized army of criminals, who neither see nor discern have been sapped away.

The Silent System is also largely responsible for the manufacture of criminal lunatics. He is no friend of the State who approves of a system of punishment that tends directly to such a result.

Surely, a few minutes' conversation at the end of each day, and the hearing of warders, could not possibly make a convict into a worse man. Any student of prison reform will admit that an opposite effect would be produced.

"The mills of the Government grind slowly," to use a figure of speech coined from a popular aphorism, and certainly the Government has, up to the present, overlooked the duty and necessity of trying to reform the criminal.

The methods tried upon Archie Sloss for forty years were punitive only.

He was neither a head nor a heart; but there are circumstances in his life which explain why he was a convict for forty years. His parentage and birth were not conducive to the development of a moral character. He was taken hold of at an early age by criminals, who sowed in his plastic mind

The Fatal Seed

that produced the convict.

It seemed as if nature and early impressions and a mother's love conspired in one foul plot to drag the victim down to hell. Archie never had a good, kind friend to take an interest in him. And yet there were times in his bitter experience when he craved for a friend and a few kind words. A little kindness would have saved him from many dark years in prison cells.

He was now back again in London and back at his old trade. He had several years of crime before him yet. For at this period, unfortunately, there was no Salvation Army Social Scheme. Until it began, there was nothing so interesting to Archie as crime.

Simultaneous with Archie's reappearance in London, several mysterious burglaries took place. One morning four thousand type plates were missing from a publishers in Peter Lane. Another day a master jeweller discovered that a jewellers' had been ransacked. One day a line of cabs were drawn up in front of a bank in the city. The "fares" were paying-in money, exchanging or paying-in large sums.

Archie had long had his eyes on a cashier of a large city firm, who went to his bank at a regular hour every Friday morning to draw a thousand pounds to pay the weekly wages of some six thousand employees. The same "caddy" was employed every week, and Archie had noticed that the cashier of the firm always made three journeys from the bank to the cash with money.

The first time he appeared with a bag containing about twenty pounds in copper.

The second time it was silver, which was safely deposited in the cab. Another dive into the bank to bring out

the gold, and then the signal. "Hist, hist!" Archie could see no difficulty in personating this cashier in dress, features, voice and general appearance, wait for him at the bank, and on his third appearance at the counter, rush out and walk up to the cab, giving the signal to the drink-drowsy "caddy," step inside and drive away.

(To be Continued.)

HELPS For J. S. Workers

OCTOBER 24th.

THE FLOOD.

Gen. IV. 5-22, viii; Matt. xxiv. 37-44.

"And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth."

The world at this time was in a terrible state. The people were so wicked that God said He would destroy man from the face of the earth. To what awful proportions had the sin of Adam and Eve grown!

"But Noah found Grace."

There were just one or two exceptions. God never leaves Himself without a witness, and even amongst the most wicked and perverse generations He has some faithful ones.

Noah's Character.

(a) He was separate from the sin around him. Chapter vi. 8-9; vii. 1.

(b) He was obedient. Chapter vi. 22; vii. 5.

(c) He was persevering. He went on for over a hundred years in spite of all the sin around him. Chapter v. 32; vii. 6; Matthew xxiv. 37-39.

(d) He was a man of faith. How they must have mocked him for building so large a vessel so far away from the sea.

(e) He was a preacher of righteousness and was faithful to his convictions, though he preached 120 years without getting a single convert. II. Peter ii. 4-6.

"Make thee an ark."

Length 547 feet; breadth, 92 feet; height, 54 feet. There were three floors in it. It was much larger than the largest man-of-war vessel. God gave Noah most particular directions. He never neglects details, neither should we.

It must have required quite an army of men to build it. They built the ark, but were destroyed in the flood.

Patience tested.

Noah was in the Ark one year and ten days. He must have seemed a long time to him. How lonely sometimes he must have felt as he realized that only eight people were left in the world.

God remembered Noah.

God never forgets His people. Let us take care that we do not forget Him.

In this chapter we read:—(a) The waters of the Flood abating. (b) The Ark resting on Mount Ararat. (c) Noah sending out the raven and the dove. The raven feeds on dead bodies. The dove finds no rest first and returns to the Ark. The olive leaf brought in the bird's second journey is a type of peace—there could be no peace in the world till the wickedness was destroyed. (d) Noah leaving the Ark. His first act was sacrifice to the God who had preserved him so wonderfully.

The Rainbow.

God sent a beautiful sign that He would no more destroy the earth by flood. This was the rainbow.

Next time the earth is to be cleansed by fire. This is the end of the world. II. Peter 3-7.

Matt. xxiv. 37-44—"Watch therefore."

Christ teaches us the lesson of the Flood—a very solemn one it is. As suddenly as the waters swept the earth one day Jesus will come. Then

the chances of mercy will end, and only those who are converted will be saved.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why did God send the Flood? 2. What kind of a man was Noah? 3. Give some description of the Ark? 4. How did Noah tell that the waters were going down? 5. What does the rainbow mean? 6. How will the world be cleansed next time?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

HELPS FOR HELPERS.

Noah did the work that God commanded him to do:

I.—In the face of opposition.

Noah had to face a cruel, wicked world, who ridiculed his efforts and told him that it was useless. There are plenty to oppose you in helping the children, but Noah's God is for you.

II.—He had to stand alone.

Noah's position was the most solitary in the world, but in that was his strength and his opportunity.

III.—Patience and perseverance triumphed.

Had Noah not tired of his long discouraging task he would have failed in his life work, disappointed God, and perished himself. Perseverance is the secret of every success in Jesus' work.

IV.—Faith Saw the Future.

Faith helped Noah to persevere, seeing what God said would come. Faith will make your work for the children's salvation victorious.

ARROWS

BY ENSIGN SIMS.

Some people think that officers ought to be "Hallelujah janitors" with titles.

Some one was asked what an estate was, and answered, "The wife of an apostle."

Some F.O.'s think that if they leave a corns as good as when they entered they have done well.

When some people "thank God that they are not what they were," angels look down and weep.

Some people just make up their mind as to what course they shall take, and then ask the Lord to lead them.

Some people are always pining for "the old-fashioned times." I wonder if they practice the old-time devotion and self-denial?

Some people seem to have a notion that, when God forgives their sins He also forgives them the account owing the grocer, butcher, etc.

Strange, isn't it, that when an accepted candidate acts an offer of marriage, it suddenly dawns upon her that she wasn't called for the field?

To hear some people talk, one would think that they weighed 200 lbs., but when you see them you begin to wonder where all the sound came from.

Some people who think that they are not strong enough for officers seldom consider whether they are strong enough to be a working man's wife. The call is sufficient.

A stinky person often thanks God that salvation is free. We do not thank him for it. A stranger attests near him, though he said growing in the GREASE! Of course, we excuse the GREASE! and C.A.D. (cash after delivery).

A brother testified that he was growing in grace. A stranger attests near him, though he said growing in the GREASE! Of course, we excuse the GREASE! and C.A.D. (cash after delivery).

Did you ever meet the sanctified man who would never stand by married officers and lady, but was at every open-air and indoor meeting led by girls? I never did, but I've met the UNSanctified one who did.

THE
WORLD-WIDE WAR

A Rescue Home is being prospected for in North Queensland.

New York Headquarters is calling for volunteers for German work.

A saloonkeeper donated two bottles of vinegar to the San Francisco V.I. Harvest Festival collection of gifts.

A united Officers' Council at the Melbourne Headquarters was announced to be led by Mrs. Herbert Booth.

The League of Mercy is making rapid strides in its beneficent operations in Melbourne, Sydney and Victoria.

This issue of our Pacific Coast contemporary is a souvenir edition, giving interesting and historical gleanings of past warfare in that quarter.

Godfried Albon, for disturbing a Salvation Army meeting and resisting arrest, at Marysville, Cal., was sentenced by Judge Garber to fifty days in jail.

The Australian Young Soldier's Editor was converted at 11 years of age; Major Turner at 12, Major Horskins at 21, Staff-Captain Wilson at 18, Staff-Captain Hoare at 14, Mrs. Hoare at 13 and Ensign Verity at 15.

During his recent brief visit to California, Commander Booth-Tucker visited Soledad Mission Ranch, the Romie Ranch and other localities. The Romie property impressed the Commander more favorably, and of this he secured a large tract for the colonization scheme.

A young fellow walked into the Workman's Hotel the other day, penniless and half-starving. He gratefully accepted the chance of earning a meal and a bed at West-chaplin, but was still more grateful when, later on, Adjt. Stagg was enabled to recommend him to a gentleman who came seeking a man servant. He was engaged straight away.—Australian War Cry.

Entering a barber shop, a Pacific cadet asked for a donation. "What do you want?" Reminiscing her instructions, the lassie in blue replied, "The best you've got in the house." The barber, who was a Christian, brushed took down a Christmas War Cry, and, handing it to his visitor, replied: "That is the best I've got in the house." We hope he didn't stop short of giving her second best as well.—Ed.

A Baltimore policeman found a little German boy wandering about the wharves late at night, and took him to the station house. A comfortable bed was made for him. He lay down, but remembering himself, he said in his native tongue, "I have not prayed yet." Then, while three reporters and two policemen reverently bowed their heads, the little hands were clasped, and, in childish accents the prayer ascended to Him who loves to hear and answer. When he concluded a reporter tucked a policeman's coat around the child, who dropped into the sleep of angelic innocence.

The Consul was announced to lead meetings at Binghamton on Sunday October 10th.

"I am still intensely interested in matters Canadian," writes Brigadier Alton in a personal letter to the editor, "and read your War Cry clean through every week, and rejoice with you in every victory, you win or lose," although I have learned to love this country and my work here very much and am in spirit, a thoroughly internationalist. I have been spending ten such happy years in the beginning of the Salvation War in Canada, I must be allowed to sign myself 'A Canadian on Foreign Service'."

A SOCIAL DECLINE.



Age 25—Beginning the Descent.

The Proposed American
Colonization Scheme!

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN INTERVIEW WITH COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

By BRIGADIER W. H. COX, Editor-in-Chief of the Army's periodicals in U.S.A.



THE Army press representative was among the first to invade the Commander's office upon the return of our indefatigable leader from what promises to be a history-making tour, taken at the instance of the Tonkwa and Santa Fe Railroad people, and at their expense. The day of relief for the poor man is not far off, if the signs of the times are not from deceit. "Not before it was time," comments somebody, to which there is but one reply, "Alas! only too true." The rich are said to be growing richer and the poor certainly appear to be steadily getting poorer, and as a result the one is soaring on the other, and the ranks of the dissatisfied and poverty-stricken are being constantly augmented.

Some sell their lives for bread,
Some sell their souls for gold,
While others seek the river bed,
And the shelter of graveyard mould.

Still others go to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes, so out of joint with the spirit of the Golden Rule are men and affairs drifting.

At the risk of appearing insularly we will quote the under-world of New York City, the real reason for the belief that the nearest to the most populous, and therefore the most representative of American boroughs. A recent writer—a lady—says of the swarming East Side Children more numerous, less cared for than dogs not born into the world, but damned into a little life of wretchedness; little

Midwived Devils

growing up to recruit the ranks of want and crime. . . . Aristocracy should thrust its dainty nose into these rookeries of dvaried humanity, rats and cockroaches, to be convinced that the social order of the nineteenth century is organized warfare against the Kingdom of Christ. Society has shined against itself in ignoring the law that a man's home is a bond for his good behavior."

This is the strong language of one who may probably be regarded as an extremist in feeling and sentiment, and yet, perhaps, whilst ourselves of the opinion that the sins of the rich are largely due to ignorance, it may require the language of language and expression to convey a proper idea of the awful gulf that is separating them from the other side of society and rapidly reinforcing the divide between the citizens of the Republic. The same writer gives it as her opinion that: "The morals of the nation have not kept pace with the accumulation of wealth. There is no possibility to find so many women of the East Side of New York chiefly occupied in sorting the contents of garbage cans from those from which to select the scraps of bread and decayed vegetable scraps of food." This relates to New York. Other boroughs would find no difficulty in duplicating this description.

—To those who are not altogether bad—or rather whose whose misery is due to misfortune rather than to criminality, and who are not too impregnably wedded with possessiveness and lack of ambition, Commander Booth-Tucker's Colonization Scheme will come as a veritable God-send.

Now to the interview: say the Commander was enthusiastic; he is always so when a chance of helping the poor strikes into view. The first question asked was:

"What suggested the journey to New Mexico and the Western plains?" It came out that it was really the outcome of the Commander's Social mission in Denver some months since, at which representatives of the Santa Fe Railroad were present and captivated by the Commander's practical plans for Social relief. The trip discussed to the Commander's vision what he described as a very fine tract of country, covering a large part of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, which, for climate, soil and water seemed to combine remarkable facilities for colonization, awaiting transformation into

A Poor Man's Paradise.

One of the advantages is that the land is already irrigated. Capital, in

search of an outlet, has preceded colonization, establishing extensive waterworks, which can be regulated to suit the need.

Business Principles.

The Commander is firm in the idea that colonization, to be successful, has to be carried out on business principles, the same as manufactures, railroad system, etc., etc. Firstly, there must be organization, and secondly capital. The grand combination of labor and capital is what the Commander aims at. To use his own words: "Money must say to labor, 'Come ye, without money and without price, will I invest our capital, your labor, and we'll give you a chance to live.'"

"And how, sir, do you propose to raise the money?" "Well, I don't rely much upon subscriptions. Whatever we receive by means of donations we propose to invest in the land as additional security. The impression is that when capital learns it can earn at least five per cent, besides populating vast tracts of land which are at present unoccupied, and which will afford an excellent investment for the population, it is highly probable that money will commence to flow of its own volition in this direction. Indeed, I believe it will be grateful for the new outlet thus afforded."

"Quoting New Mexico by way of illustration, I suppose if it were uncultivated a great deal of capital would be thrown away?"

"Decidedly so! Imagine your putting into that Territory ten-fold its present population, you will at once build up a number of cities and industries which will call for a large and safe investment of capital."

"Why, one is almost inclined to the belief, Commander, that the indirect advantages to Capital would almost make for the money expended in colonization."

"Just so! For instance, there are tracts of land under irrigation which the present system will take at least twenty or thirty years to occupy, whilst on our system every acre could be occupied in five years. On the existing system the value would not be more than \$20 an acre, including water rights; on the new system the value will treble and quadruple, and the land and water companies will set an individual and general return for their investment, quite independently of what will be put into the purely colonial portion of the scheme."

Industries as Well as Agriculture.

"Then, I hear you intend to combine industries with agriculture?" "Most decidedly! One of the great features of our Colony will be the creameries, the canneries, and the wineries, the breweries, the weaving and other forms of industry, many of which will give employment during the winter, and all of which will help the small farmer to take out a comfortable existence for himself and family."

"Do you intend, may I ask, to work it on the co-operative principle?"

"But as it is ordinarily understood, I should like everybody to own his piece of land, his own cottage, his own poultry and his own pigs; but at the same time, we shall use co-operation where it is ordinarily understood. For instance, we should have men to go round and collect the eggs, the milk, the garden produce, etc., where the farmer so wishes, and thus economizing his time and labor, and selling for him in the best markets, while we buy for him in the cheapest. If a farmer wants to buy a white-born or Jersey cow, we can buy it for him at wholesale rates, while he would have had to do it at retail. Similarly with the sending of his goods to distant points. We can send them to the best markets and secure wholesale rates of freight. In all these things, it seems to me, co-operation will give to the workman the advantages of the capitalist. At present the poor man frequently has to buy in the dearest markets and sell in the cheapest."

Under Salvation Army Management.

"I suppose, Commander, you will need to organize a special department for carrying all this into effect?"

"Of course, I am unable at present to speak positively, not having sub-

mitted the details of my plans to the General, but I should imagine that it would work out very much the same way as the work of the Salvation Army; that is, it would be a distinct branch of the Salvation Army, under a special set of officers, who would grow with the department and know how to manage it. My proposal is that we should form a National Salvation Army Colonization Department for the United States. I am unable, however, at present, to give you any details of the plan."

State and City Co-Operation.

"Do you not think, sir, that this proposal, dealing as it does with the needs of the poor, ought to receive the co-operation of our State and city Governments?"

"That is certainly my opinion, but it may take some time before public opinion will reach such a stage that such recognition will be given. Ultimately, I think, we shall be able to come to the poor-house authorities and say, 'Here you have looked up in these semi-penal institutions a number of people, from 30 to 40 per cent, of whom are willing and able to work; let us skim the cream, and we will give these people free ten-acre homes, on two conditions only—(a) that you pay for their transportation, and (b) that you give us for three months the sum of \$1 per week per family (not per individual), to cover the interest, etc., on the money invested in fixing up their homes. By the end of three months the poor-house would have to pay this modest amount themselves."

"Think of what this would mean to the poor-house!" the Commander proceeded, with extra enthusiasm. "In selecting our first batch, we would say to those who were left behind: 'We shall come back again, and if the superintendent is able to give you character for honesty, sobriety and willingness to work, we will fix you up in similar homes.' I reckon by the time we come back again there would be comparatively few who would not have gained such a character with the inducement placed before them."

"The only persons who would have reason to grumble at then, would be the officials, who would be minus a position."

"Oh, they would be all right; we would fix them up as well, and if their ambition rose any higher, we should be able to find an outlet for their talent in the direction of the many institutions in which we would be glad to avail ourselves of their services."

COSMOPOLITAN
PERSONALIA.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Egner, of Utah, are under marching orders.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Evans, takes the Atlantic Coast Field Division, takes the reins at the Pacific Coast.

There is a splendid photo of farewelling Lieut.-Col. Keppel as frontispiece of the San Francisco War Cry.

The Consul conducted a magnificent Harvest Festival at Chicago. Collections \$200; 25 prisoners for the Lord.

Mrs. Herbert Booth has started a "Heart to Heart" Prayer Union, which appears to promise exceptional blessing to its members.

Ensign May Jackson, of the Chinese work in San Francisco, is going to Chicago to study the language of the year. She has seen much success in her Chinese work in the past.

Brigadier Streeton is contemplating the formation of a Bicycle Brigade in his new command. The Brigade itself a wheelman, and proposes the new endeavor to specially assist corps within the reach of a week night run.

A SOCIAL DECLINE.



Age 45—Down! Now for the Social Scheme.

A PURE GOSPEL.

Anniversary Annotations

BY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ONENESS WITH JESUS.

BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

(Continued.)

Therefore, you perceive, I take the Gospel to be aiming not merely at saving, but restoring us. If it were merely to save me without restoring me, what would it do for me? As a moral agent, if the Gospel falls to PUT ME RIGHT, it will fall eternally to make me happy; and if you were to transplant me before the Throne, and put me down in the inner circle of archangels with a sense of wrong in my heart, being morally out of harmony with the laws of God, and the moral laws of the universe, I should be as miserable as if I were in hell, and should want to get away. I must be made right as well as treated as if I were right. I must be changed as well as justified. This is the Gospel put as clearly in our text as it could be, and also the epistles written by the apostle Paul, the great expounder of the doctrine of justification, by faith. It was through the lips of the Glorified Lord Himself, after he had risen, to the great Apostle of the Gentiles after the Gospel dispensation was fully opened, that this most unmistakable apostrophe was given, "Unto whom now I send you to open their eyes." What, to their sins? As Peter opened the eyes of the murderer of our Lord, on the Day of Pentecost, "Whom ye have crucified and slain"; driving in the convicting truth of God until, in their agony, they cried out, "WHAT MUST WE DO?" He tore off the bandages which Satan had wrapped around them, and drove them as with the schoolmaster's lash, until he drove them to the Cross of the Crucified One. "Open their eyes"—that is the first thing. Oh! how my soul has often shrunk and wept under the sense of the awful responsibility this brings upon us Christians.

The world is asleep. Friends, your relations, your neighbors—they are asleep. They are preoccupied. They are full of the world and the things of the world. They will not think—they will not see—they will not look into the world of Life. Your responsibility comes here ten-fold. Go and wake them! You CAN DO IT, if you have the Holy Ghost in you!

Some people would have said to the Lord Jesus, "What a great deal you are making of human agency, for, after all, Paul is but a man, and you are setting him to open the eyes of the unconverted, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, are you not making too much of human effort? But the Lord Jesus knew what he was about. He knew that Paul had a power in him which every really renewed child of God has—the Holy Ghost—to equip him of this work, and He says, "Unto whom now I send thee to open their eyes." Go and make it a case of their danger. Take them, metaphorically speaking, by the collar and shake them and make them realize their peril, as you would if they were asleep in a burning house! It is when you have awakened them, what are you to do? Leave them alone? No, no, for Christ's sake, no. Take hold of them by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit, and turn them to love, and energy, and turn them right "round from sin and Satan unto God."

Jesus Christ set Paul to do this, and Paul did it. He says, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, I persuaded men." His was no meek and mild putting of the truth, and leaving people to do as they liked. "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, I persuaded men, because we thus judge that if One died for all, then were all dead"; and, oh! what success the Lord gave him in his desperate enterprise. What multitudes did he persuade and succeed in turning round from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God! Turn them round! "Oh! but, you say, 'if they are turned round from darkness, which represents evil, to light, which represents righteousness, are they not saved?'" No, not yet. This is only the case effected in the will, which is beautifully exemplified by Paul in Romans vi.—willing to keep the law, willing to obey God, willing to do His will, and follow Him, yet, struggling, but yet unable, though they are

RUTH and trust will triumph.

GOD'S true soldiers are always on duty.

NEVER face the devil on old supplies.

DON'T expect the crown without the Cross.

HOLD unflinchingly to that which is good.

GOD watches the battle from start to finish.

CALL out to God; exercise faith; work hard.

PEOPLE who make definite prayers get definite results.

PRESS on; look not back, but keep your eye on Calvary.

PUNCTUALITY always characterizes sanctified warfare.

DON'T shrink the Cross, and God won't forget your crown.

SALVATION is never obtained but through definite conviction.

WISDOM for warfare is got in moments of persistent prayer.

IT behoves us all to give sympathy wherever opportunity offers.

IT is unity in work as well as in spirit that makes victory certain.

REMEMBER! God's Great strength is yours if you conform to His will.

WHEN the best efforts of men fail, triumphant faith may move mountains.



brought round from the voluntary choice or embrace of evil, and the voluntary service of the devil, round to the voluntary choice and embrace of righteousness and the service of God, they are not yet able to do it.

Now, friends, don't say I said they were able. Don't misrepresent me, as some people do. I will try to be clear, and I say there is all the difference in the world between being willing to let Jesus Christ save me from my sins, and saving myself from them. It is exactly this change in the attitude of the will which God demands as a CONDITION OF THE EXERCISE OF HIS POWER. It is so in all the miracles. "Will thou be made whole?" He says to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch out thy withered hand." The man might have said, "Lord, what an unreasonable request. Are you come to mock me in my misery?" Oh! but Jesus Christ knew what he wanted in the man. He wanted the response of the man's will. He wanted the man to say, "Yes, Lord"; and when he said that, the Lord put the strength into the shoulder-bone, and he stretched it out, and it was made whole. There are many souls just there—they will not say, "Yes, Lord," to some condition which the Spirit puts upon them, could give you some heart-rending illustrations on this point. I am satisfied that this Gospel-enlightened England of ours is full of people just at this point who come crying, and praying, and longing, as they call it, after God. They come up to Jesus Christ again and again. They try to believe; they want to follow Him, but they are kept back by the right hand and the right eye

GOD has fresh grace with which to strengthen the soldiers of the Cross daily.

"HITTY-MISSY," off-and-on style of fighting always results in dissatisfaction.

DON'T compromise with the devil, because the wreck of the world came through compromise.

STAND fast in the faith, and God will see you through more than victorious in every trial.

NEVER let it be said that the devil is busier in his work of damning souls than you are in saving.

PATIENCE, love, grace, and power from on high are essential provisions of every warrior for souls.

NO purpose of love will the heart of Jesus omit to gather for the day when He makes up His jewels.

SOLDIERS should ever remember that their message may be the last that some poor soul will receive.

PERSISTENT perseverance will overcome difficulties and break down obstacles. Persevere, oh, persevere!

HALLELUJAH to Jesus, whose love has constrained us, whose grace has saved us, whose blood has bought us!

A TRUE Salvationist uses every opportunity of stemming the tide of evil and of pushing sinners into the Fountain.

TIME is too precious and the opportunities too sure to allow them to pass without the fullest possible improvement.

ON that great day, Love of Calvary will distinguish and claim eternal blessing for each gift which love for Calvary gave.

ON that great day, Love of Calvary will distinguish and claim eternal blessing for each gift which love for Calvary gave.



which the Holy Ghost has told them they must cut off and pluck out before He will receive them. They will not do it, and so they are ever learning, and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. You must renounce evil in your will. You must will to "obey the truth." You must say, "Yes, Lord."

(To be Continued.)

If sinners would try as hard to get through the straight gate of repentance as they do to climb the Chilkoot Pass, Alaska, they would reach their Heavenly Klondyke successfully.—San Francisco Cry.

The following is a copy of the first message sent across the Atlantic Cable, on August 17, 1858: "Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men."

A Salvation warrior at Bruce's Landing writes: "I have not been able to see the Salvation Army since two years ago last January. You may depend upon it that I long to see and be among the Salvation comrades once more. I was enrolled as a soldier under the good old Army colors in Vancouver, B.C., while Captain Florrie Frith was in charge, and Captain Nellie Banks was D.O." This comes with an order for uniform, which shows that, although alone, our comrade means to keep the Blond-and-Fire colors unfurled! He is evidently like the old lady at Bowmanville, who said that while she was living the Salvation Army would never be dead.

"Ah, those barriers that had hindered Me and Jesus being one; When that voice came from the scriptures, Christ was left and they were gone."



With every faculty of mind, every power and capability of soul, together with physical strength possessed by individual brought into line with one great purpose—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Power to do or suffer the will of God is the result of this oneness.

A Clean Heart Gives Courage, an Impure Heart Faintness and Cowardice.

The very weakest, most timid, can triumph and shine when possessed by God. With every avenue of one's being open to the enlightenment and inspiration of Holy Ghost, how often the electric current of Heaven fills and purifies those who possess clean hearts, until they shine to the fact of their oneness with Jesus with shining faces.

God and man in oneness blending. Oh, what fellowship is mine!

Some people talk about holiness, but there is no drawing power attached. The address is perfectly reasonable and faultless, but lacks the power to win men and women to experience. Why? Because out of touch with Heaven's electricity some hindrances are in the way, some barriers to be broken down.

Holiness Does not Mean Exaltation of Self, but the Christ of God, and Humiliation of Self.

A harsh judgment of others, speaking evil of another, and the danger here is of coloring and making others' faults appear greater than they really are—an unwillingness to forgive or apologize for wronging another hinders spiritual life and growth. A fault-finding, criticizing spirit, who likes to meet? One's soul seems almost paralyzed and frozen up when coming in contact with such. Frivolity, lightness and gossip, how it saps the life! What little interest in prayer afterwards! God seems to have withdrawn and only returns when we retreat and plead with Him to come at any cost, and His coming reveals the wrong, and

His Abiding Depends on Our Willingness to Separate from the Wrong Revealed.

But to walk this narrow way—the way of holiness—means persecution, misrepresentation, etc. Friends can not understand. Many who profess holiness criticize such as narrowness. Gradually, those broad-minded and pure hearts added are things to another until numbers of professors walk with the world, and the enemy of souls is using this snare to broaden the way, knowing full well if he gains his point, holiness, lifelessness, barrenness, poverty of soul is the result, and the poor, deceived, discouraged one treads the broad way to death, but he traces his fault to the hour he yielded to the arguments of others as to the narrowness of the way to life. Precious souls, if you are tempted on this line

Cease to Regard Other's Opinions or Arguments and Find Out the Mind of Christ.

The will of God concerning you as an individual, and go forward in the light, without questioning or controversy. God always leads by the right hand, and He will lead you and give His Spirit to us as individuals to "lead us into all truth," TRUST HIM AND OBEY.

How often the Spirit has been questioned by too much talk! The incessant chatter of some people's intellectual organs hinders the voice of God from being heard. The Marchele says "TOO MUCH TALK IS THE FOE OF THIS AGE." The wisdom of the Spirit teaches us to let our lips move at the impulse of His love. Oh! for a deluging of this Divine love, consuming purging and anointing us afresh with the oil of habitation, so that to know "Christ and us crucified" shall be our one aim and purpose.

A. ROWAN.

THE FRONT PAGE ENLARGED UPON,

FIFTEEN YEARS UNDER THE BLESSING OF JEHOUAH.

The War Cry Calls a Halt and Raises a Pillar of Witness to the Glory of God.

BY THE EDITOR.

Then Joshua called the twelve men, whom he had prepared of the Children of Israel, out of every tribe a man; and Joshua said unto them, Pass over before the Ark of the Lord your God into the midst of Jordan, and take you up every man a stone upon his shoulder, according unto the number of the tribes of the Children of Israel: that this may be a sign among you that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord: when it passed over Jordan the waters of Jordan were cut off, and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the Children of Israel forever. And the children did as Joshua commanded, and took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, as the Lord spake unto Joshua, according to the number of the tribes of the Children of Israel: and Joshua carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there.—Joshua iv, 1-8.

JOSHUA called a halt, and set up stones to mark an epoch in the history of God's Israel. The past had not been all victory, it had been marred with defeat, but, after making all allowances for defeats, there was still the outstanding and glorious fact that a mighty army had been brought out of Egypt, through the wilderness, across Jordan, and were ready to fight till they had driven the Canaanites out of the land.

The Salvation Army has not been crossing any Jordan in particular just lately, nevertheless, the present moment seems the very time to call a halt, raise our Ebenezer, and encourage ourselves for future fighting by a retrospective glance at God's just dealings with us as a people. Certainly, if the Salvation Army were given to piling stones in arkward, as it were, of God's dealings with us, there would be a mighty pyramid raised on the occasion of this FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY just in course of completion.

Had an angel from Heaven visited those praying souls who, previous to the Army's advent, were pleading for a revival of God's work, and have told them that a people would arise whose work in fifteen years would be equal to that set forth on the front-page of this War Cry, we could forgive them for feeling it hard to accept so astounding a revelation. But the work forced upon young Adah and his comrade Ladgate at London by the Holy Ghost, would have spread to such tremendous proportions.

And yet we have an Army of consecrated men and women to-day who are advancing with undiminished energy year by year, to realize the noble ideal of Jesus Christ for the people of this continent, and an organization whose ramifications extend in a wide belt of ten degrees from the Island of Vancouver to Twillingate, in Newfoundland. All glory to our Risen Christ, who has led to this Army to its present height of accomplishment and victory.

Dry as they are generally considered to be, we will give a few numerical indicators, which, while they cannot give expression to the conquering faith, bring zeal and undying love which has burnt in the bosoms of those who have, under God, had the making of our vast organization as we see it to-day, may yet help our readers to gauge something of the Divine Impetus which has been operating in the hearts of the millionists of this continent during the past fifteen years, and is operating to-day to produce such visible and material results.

Beginning with our Gospel open-air work, the value of which the country at large can scarcely be estimated, we have a total of FIFTY-SIX THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY EIGHT OPEN-AIR MEETINGS HELD ANNUALLY, with attendances of Salvation Army Officers and soldiers at these meetings totalling SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-ONE.

It is difficult to estimate the number of people who hear the Gospel by this means, as our statistical system does not include this particular, but we shall be safe in computing that TWO MILLION EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED THIRTY work is second to no other in importance. Thousands are converted by means of it. One, a lawbreaker,

brought the stolen property in his possession to a Headquarters' officer some time ago, whose open-air address he had listened to, and then sought forgiveness both from God and man. There are many similar instances. Whether they will or not, nearly all the population are compelled to hear of Heaven, Hell, Death, the Judgment, and Christ's death for sinners, by means of the Army's open-air work.

Then there are the regular indoor meetings. ONE HUNDRED AND TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR are conducted annually, at which the public are taken to the number of SIX MILLION EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN a year.

No one can imagine the good done by the indoor meetings, and, when, in response to the tremendous pressure put upon the unsaved to decide to serve Christ there and then, some come for-



Live stock on the Social Farm, 1890.

ward to the penitent form, no note can be taken of others who in many cases ally themselves with the churches—and there are many who do so—but the total of those who were sufficiently inspired to profess a repentance publicly for the year ending August, 1897, was however, THIRTEEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR. Glory to God!

We venture to say that there is no better auxiliary to the Salvation war and to those upon whom the first responsibility of pushing the interests at the corps devolves, than our weekly official organs, THE WAR CRY and THE YOUNG SOLDIER. Of these two less than TEN MILLION AND EIGHTY THOUSAND ARE CIRCULATED YEARLY. The papers are the means in God's hands of awakening, convicting, converting and sanctifying many. That celebrated divine, Rev. Dr. William Schuller of the Methodist Magazine and several other Methodist periodicals, referred warmly recently to the fact that the war cry is "full of the very meat and marrow of the Gospel." The distribution of these papers from door to door by the officers and soldiers is a noble undertaking weekly, and worthy of all praise.

But the subject enlarges as we get near to it, and a whole War Cry would not enable us to do it justice; we can but roughly skim over a few of the more prominent remaining features of the work, leaving many untouched. SUNDAY SCHOOLS and YOUNG PEOPLE'S work is in operation, and we have an army of teachers and scholars numbering THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR.

ELEVEN RESCUE HOMES for the reclamation of the habitues of women's underworld are in operation. SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-



SEVEN girls pass through the Home yearly; EIGHTY-NINE LEAF GENTS of whom turn out satisfactory. In connection with the Homes, and one shelter especially for destitute children, THREE HUNDRED babies and children are cared for from four to six months each.



Comparative picture showing increase in the number of children attending Junior Meetings in the Salvation Army August, 1890, and August, 1897.

TEN CHURCH HOTELS for men, some with labor yards attached, where a penniless man can rest and bread, and for their friendly heaven-light to the honest out-of-work craving for a chance to inherit the primeval curse. They supply TWO HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-SEVEN meals and EIGHTY-THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE beds a year.

THE SOCIAL FARM is a corollary of the Shelter—the second link in the General's great social scheme, and a way link between the temporary aid of the Shelter and the permanent support of the farmer settled on and working his own farm with an honest independence in view. The Social Farm is going to be a splendid success. It stands at the head of all our work for proper domestic spiritual results. Two hundred acres are owned and one hundred rented and on the three hundred acres labor



Live stock on the Social Farm, 1897.

has been found for ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN men during the two years the farm has been operated by the Army. The average number of men employed is twenty (not including officers), and the live stock, roughly speaking, stands at three hundred and twenty-seven of all sorts, twelve of which are horses and twenty-four cows.

The Army seeks neither money nor property for its own sake, only as a means of furthering the interests of the Kingdom. The public understand this, and so great is their confidence in the Army's method of using money that the firework offerings at the corps amount to the huge sum of, roughly speaking, one hundred and ninety thousand annually, and the property acquired, according to the latest balance sheet, is valued at five hundred and twenty-

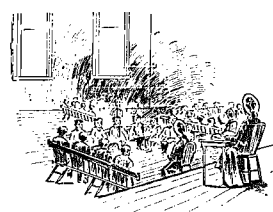


Comparative glance at children in Children's Shelter August, 1890, and August, 1897.

five thousand nine hundred and seventy-four dollars, out of which, however, there has to be allowed for loans and mortgages two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars; and yet so great is the drain upon the Army for money that its exchequer is empty, and yet so great a demand is made upon it, which it is very desirable should be made, simply from the fact that the ordinary business of all the money obtained as fast as it is received. The past, however, warrants us in believing the future will be increasingly victorious. Our leader, the Field Commissioner, has a brave and daring spirit, and we prebly a future full of blessing to the Army—and, through it, to the great masses of the people, for whose salvation and blessing it exists.

There is to be a new Canadian postage stamp, the design for which has been approved of by the Postmaster-General.

The United States Government have ordered the war corvette Yantic to be despatched to the Great Lakes with the purpose of delay. This is violation of the Treaty of 1818. The Yantic is a wooden ship of 300 tons, 180 feet 8 inches long, 26 feet 6 inches beam, and 12 feet 2 inches. She has a speed of 32 knots, which is exceedingly slow. In command she has a physical, obsolete, and a contemporary speaks of her as being "practically a hulk to be used as a training ship."



Comparative picture showing increase in the number of children attending Junior Meetings in the Salvation Army August, 1890, and August, 1897.

WEEKLY NEWS

General Neal Dow, the veteran prohibitionist, is dead.

There threatens to be a general street car strike in Chicago.

Dr. Nansen will shortly visit the Dominion on a lecturing tour.

News from the scaling fisheries just to hand reports great scarcity of seals.

An Englishman divided \$100,000 among his sons to escape the tax on bequests.

Snow has already fallen in the Montepedia Valley and also at Lake Edward, Que.

The Italian Government has recently launched a new and powerful cruiser. She is 350 feet long and 70 feet wide, tonnage nearly 10,000 tons.

Captain-General Weyler is reported to have resigned. It is thought that the recent dissolution of the Spanish Cabinet has had something to do with this step.

A cablegram has been received, stating that the Pope, and it is feared he will not rally from the extreme feebleness and exhaustion he now heaves.

News has been received of the increasing weakness of the Pope, and it is feared he will not rally from the extreme feebleness and exhaustion he now heaves.

It has leaked out from official circles that during the visit of the Czar to Warsaw a plot against his life was uncovered. Its success was only frustrated by an accident.

A big fire raged in Washington recently. The power station of the Capital Traction Company, a six-story building, was destroyed, and several other buildings injured. The loss will be heavy.

A party of Afriids attacked a patrol of British lanciers in Northern India recently. It resulted in an unpleasant surprise to find the enemy had ventured so close to the British encampment at Peshawar.

A peculiar accident happened recently. A farmer in the Parish of St. Lorent, Que., was shot in the back by a stray



Comparative glance at children in Children's Shelter August, 1890, and August, 1897.

Martini-Melford rifle ball from the note St. Louis ranges, two miles away, and it is feared the accident may prove fatal.

A parliamentary cricket test is going to be played on the 10th of August, between the Islands there. Many athletes, including Canada, next season. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, is captain, and several younger members of the Government are included in the team.

M. A. L. Greek Premier, in introducing the Treaty of Peace to the Greek Legislative Assembly, proposed a vote of confidence in the Government. Amid great excitement, the Chamber adopted the resolution by a vote of 35 to 33. The Cabinet will resign.

H.M.S. "Ovalia Swan," returning from patrol duty in Behring Sea, announces the complete failure of the electrical branding apparatus recently established on the Islands there. Many attempts were made to brand seals with the machine, but all were unavailing.

The result of a bicycle census recently taken in France shows that during the last calendar year 323,813 wheels were registered, as compared with 258,884 in the preceding year. The City of Paris paid one-fifth, or \$121,000, of the whole amount levied from the bicycle tax. Two British torpedoes had been destroyed grounded during a fog recently. One, the "Thrasher," broke in two, and it is expected that the other, the "Tiger," will do the same. Five stokers were killed by the bursting of a steam pipe aboard the "Thrasher," after she grounded.

Still pushing on the war. Gaining victories over the devil every week. Two sisters came back to the fold Sunday evening. We are filling up the vacancies in our ranks for we have lost five or six of our good soldiers, Treasurer Brown's family. He fared well two weeks ago for Wallaceburg. His dear wife follows this week. Our loss is Wallaceburg's gain. God bless them in their new field. Yours in Christ.—S. McFarland, Gen. Cor.

SONGS.

Tune—"Bright Crowns" (B.D., 12; B.J., 59; S.M.I., 498).

1 O! Lord, on Thee our care we cast,
Our Army Thou hast blest;
Salvation years have brightly passed.
Lord, let this be the best.

Chorus.

We'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight the battle through;
our pathway clear, and let this year be the best we ever knew.

The best for light, for holy might,
For skill to guide the war,
For warriors such as in the fight
The Army never saw.

The best for wisdom, power and grace,
For feeling Heaven near,
For room and place the foe to chase,
For victory everywhere.

The best to work, the best to live,
The best to speak and sing;
The best to pray, to get to rive,
More cheerful gifts to bring.

The best to shout, to wave, to keep,
Ten thousand flags unfurl'd;
To wake God's watchmen up from sleep,
To bless and save the world.

—O:—

Tune—"Let Us March Through the World" (B.B., 6; B.J., 75; S.M., 1, 531).

2 I am a Soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to spread His fame.

Chorus.

Let us march through the world with the
The Fire and the Blood,
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine!
When we've turned guilty sinners by
millions to God,
Like stars in the Heavens we'll
shine.

I'll not go singing to the skies,
And living at my ease,
While others miss the Heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease.

The foes of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the Boad,
I'll change the world, by Jesus' grace,
And conquer it for God.

Yes, I will fight and Christ shall reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toll and victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

—O:—

Tune—"Take Salvation" (R.R., 18; S. M., 1528).

3 O! Thou, God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire of Heaven fall.
Bless our Army with Thy power—bap-
tism up all.

Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our Soldiers white as snow;
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
San's kingdom overthrow.
Bless our Army! Send us where we
ought to go.

Give us all more holy living,
Fill us with abundant power,
Give the Army more thanksgiving,
Greater victories every hour.
Bless our Army! Be our Rock, our
Shield, our Tower.

Bless our General! Bless our Majors!
Bless our Officers as well.
Bless Headquarters, bless our Sol-
diers,
Bless the foes of sin and hell!
Bless our Army. We will all Thy
goodness tell.

—O:—

Tune—"Tossing Like a Troubled Ocean" (B.B., 41; S.M., 1, 1514).

4 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy footstool low we bow;
We have come from far and
near,
O, reveal Thy presence here.

Chorus.

Filled with God, we'll shake the King-
dom,
Fighting at our Lord's command.

O, what happiness to meet
Our loved comrades at Thy feet!
At Thy Altar now we kneel,
Come, dear Lord, Thyself reveal.

Let the Blood now purge within,
Every spot of cursed sin,
Let us now Thy Presence see,
And be swallowed up in Thee.



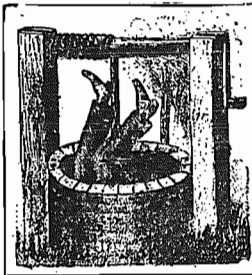
YOU WILL NEVER MISS A TRAIN OR BOAT if you carry one of our Watches.
They are reliable every time. Ask BRIGADIER READ about his \$7 00
Waltham Watch he bought when at Winnipeg several years ago.

SOMETHING

That Will Make You Open Your Eyes.

LISTEN! During the October
gatherings in Toronto
we will offer for sale our Tailor Ready-Made
Suits, Ulsters and Overcoats at

POSITIVELY HALF PRICE.



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packages at

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A Special Discount will also be given
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fail to

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WHAT : DO : YOU : BELIEVE ?

You can find out what the S. A.
believes by getting a copy of its

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PRICE 15 CENTS.



SOME WISE SAYINGS.

IT PAYS WELL To buy a good article. That's what Capt. Sparks
did five years ago, and he has it yet. Our English
Serges are warranted to keep their color. Send for Samples and Price List.

"Captain Sparks wears a suit of clothes that he got from Headquarters when in British Columbia, five
years ago, and it still retains its color. I tell him he should sound your praises. He has not done so but
I have no speaking trumpet and I think the columns of the War Cry much better, so he
just wish you can pass it on to the Trade Secretary, he may find it helpful. It only cost \$25—a cheap suit to
last so long. I wish I could get one like it for wear."—EMORY KENWAT.

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN.—My suit arrived. Given satisfaction. Thank you for being so prompt. Also the
cards. They are very nice. (The Adjutant refers here to some special stationery we printed for him for a
special occasion.) God bless you. Yours in Him—T. COOMBS, Adjutant.

DEAR SIR.—I am perfectly satisfied with my suit. I intend to order my clothes from Headquarters in
future. Would advise all Salvationists to do the same. Yours in the faith—JOHN CAMERON.

TO TRADE SECRETARY.—Dear Comrade, I received my suit all right. Thank you very much for your
promptness. It could not be a better fit. I know where to get my order filled after this. Your comrade in
the faith.—CHAS. CAMERON.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN, Toronto, Ont.—Dear Staff-Captain, My pants arrived all O.K., and am much pleased
with the fit. May God bless you. Yours faithfully—WILSON WHITE, Capt.

IMPORTANT!

**FIELD OFFICERS RETAINING LAST YEAR'S CLOTHING CLUB CHEQUES
WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT THEY WILL NOT BE HONORED
AFTER NOVEMBER 1st, 1907.**

STAFF-CAPT. HORN,
Trade Secretary.

Let our mingled voices rise,
To the armies of the skies;
Soldiers, give a ringing cheer,
Heaven and earth are blended here.

—O:—

Tune—"With Sword and Shield" (B.J.,
61; P.W., 26).

5 We are marching o'er the regions
Is enforced by hellish legions,
Where the slavery of sin,
But we'll fight, and we shall win.
Step by step, we march along,
Never daunted, fearing none,
True liberty from self and Satan
Is our song.

Chorus.

With sword and shield we take the
field,
We're not afraid to die,
While the standard of the Cross is
swooning o'er us;
We raise on high our battle cry,
And all hell's power defy;
Scattered by our ranks the foe falls
down before us.
March on! March on!
Heed not the cannon's roar;
March on! March on!
There's a crown when the battle's
o'er.

Have you heard the voice of weeping?
Have you heard the wail of woe?
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, O heed, the world's great need
To save the lost like Him who saved
you;
Forward speed!

In the darkest hour remember
He Who on the Cross has died,
So that every captive's fetter
Might be broken, cast aside;
Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,
Forward dying souls to save,
Fight on until in every land,
Your colors wave.

—O:—

Tunes—"Thou Shepherd of Israel" (B.
J., 170, 3); "Oh, Speak" (B.J., 202,
3); "The Realm of the Blessed" (B.
J., 32, 1); "We Shall Win" (B.J.,
28, 1).

6 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and
mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art,
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who hear Thy Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the
day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast,
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

—O:—

Tune—"Will You Go?" (B.B., 13; S.M.,
1, 380).

7 Behold, behold, the Lamb of
God,
On the Cross;
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the Cross.
Oh, you who still His love deny,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the Cross.

Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the Cross,
He drinks from the bitter cup,
On the Cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the Cross.
To Heaven He turns His languid
eyes
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror
cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the Cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in Eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross.

A TALE OF TALES.

By MAJOR BUENO FRIDRICH.



ALLES of sorrows, of struggles of lighted lives, dead hopes, of crime and cruelty—ah, are we Salvationists not often so used to these things, that we often make the most complacent of easy-going ecotists shudder, have only a tendency with us to hunt out sympathy to suffer, to harden our sympathy and to rob us of our tenderness in dealing with such cases. Are we not often tempted to look upon the otherwise horrible with sort of fatal indifference as a condition that cannot be helped, or an evil that cannot be avoided? And yet have we not abundant proof about us, that wherever our heart has not been paralyzed by the stupidity of the evil which they have attacked, that often a few kind, encouraging words, some practical sympathy, a hand-saved in the right moment, the patient more and more considered than platitudes in fine words, some sound advice, has been to some sinking stunned soul the lifetime that has snatched them from the billows of that immense sea of misery round about them?

From Morphine to Christ.

"Are you the new Major from Canada?" The speaker was a brakeman on a transcontinental railroad when I was on my first tour of inspection in the Far West. He soon told me that he was a soldier in the corps for which I was bound; let us call him Frank for a change from the usual John and Jimmy.

"I am sure," continued Frank, "there is not another soldier in the corps that owes so much to God and the Army as myself, and I would not have been saved if it had not been for the patience and discretion used by Capt. Bennett, who was afterwards shot by a rascal in Spokane."

The shrill whistle of the locomotive announced that we were nearing a station, which required our brakemen to attend to his duty and leave us for a little while. After the train had started again, Frank came into our carriage and, being invited to tell us something about his conversion, he sat down in the seat beside us and told in plain, but convincing words his story.

"Why, when I came to the penitentiary I was a vile opium fiend. I was not born so; on the contrary, my mother was a good Christian, and it is for her sake that I have so far refused to write about myself for the 'War Cry,' because she would not believe that it was her boy. If she read it in print. When I was in sin I was ashamed to write her of my true condition, and, after I was saved, I thought that it was not necessary that I should rehearse to her the record of my bad life. You have no idea what it means to be a slave to opium. Alcohol is bad, but it cannot compare with this drug. The morals of the drunkard are

Above the Morphine Fiend.

I was so addicted to the habit that I lost all decent employment, and would make my living playing the piano or the violin in the questionable resorts of the city. I became soon a physical wreck; my condition was so bad that I could not sleep while lying down, but all the rest, or some sort of stupor, that I would have occasionally, I would take while sitting in a chair.

"At last I sunk to such a degree of wretchedness that even the lowest dives would not tolerate me, but mercilessly kicked me out of doors.

"Capt. Bennett, the Army took me in. He heard of my condition, and with a good many cases of morphine fiends, and had taken the trouble of patient study, so that he knew just how to take me.

"When others loathed me, she prayed with me and looked after me until I got strong enough spiritually to resist the temptation. She spent many a weary hour to assist me, and many other fellow-sufferers, who are now free from this fearful habit bless her for the firm and yet patient way she would look after them until fully restored to their right mind. I thank God for a pardon that brings with it power to overcome, and thank God for the grace given to those that take trouble to help the converts to stand upright. I have been an employee on this road for a long time, and have never been ashamed to be a Salvationist and to speak to my comrades about Christ and His salvation. I

have now a good Salvationist for a wife, and a happy home we have."

When he invited me to come to dinner in his home while in Helena, I gladly accepted, and, after seeing him in his home, I was more than ever convinced that his conversion was not only genuine, but also miraculous.

A 22-Grain Curse Removed.

In the same corps I met two more cases of saved morphine-users. One of them showed me his arms, which were literally covered with marks, showing the spots where the drug had been injected. Once a man is under the sway of this habit, he is obliged to increase his doses rapidly, as the system gets used to it, and small doses, which often would kill many a man, have no effect on them. This case had to use 22 grains of morphine daily to find relief from the agony of suffering felt when the effect of the drug had left him. This quantity would kill a large number of men not used to the drug. He was a bright young fellow, and one of the humblest converts that I ever met.



—A Cartoon from the English Cry.

A Woman Outlaw Won for Jesus.

"She was a regular highway robber," the Captain told me when I asked her about another notorious catch of the same corps.

"She masqueraded as a man so well, that even her chum who waylaid the stage in her company, did not know different, until both had been captured, and the truth leaked out in court. It was then that Martha's chum, although an outlaw, showed a nobility of character which he must admire. When he heard that his companion was a woman, he took upon himself the entire guilt and responsibility of the robberies, and received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. I believe, while Martha was free to go. The S.A. caught her, and she was saved from her reckless and romantic life of sin. She is working hard now, I have been told, to save enough money to make an appeal to get the man who bears her sentence out of the penitentiary, as he is reported to be dying of consumption.

Who is not moved profoundly by the

heroic effort of the outlaw and highway robber, to save his former chum from prison, and doing it by pleading guilty himself, and taken her punishment upon him? How much greater deeper and nobler the thought, that Christ took upon Him also the sins of those that hated Him, and made a way to freedom for those that did not love Him? Our greatest sacrifice sinks into oblivion at this display of true and pure love.

She Masqueraded as a Man.

A similar case to Martha's came to our penitent form at Missoula, and was in detail reported to the War Cry at the time. It was a girl that for 14 years had worn man's attire, had learned the plumbing trade and worked at it, and, lastly, had peddled coal oil. Her worst sin was drink. A comical incident of her dual life cropped out when we learned that she had actually courted a maiden that kept a millinery store. When the woman was told that her "Fred" was a girl she would not believe it, but accused the matron of the Rescue Home of deception, saying that it was one of the tricks of the Salvation Army to get notoriety. Finally, her Fred, in female garb, was taken to her store, and she had to believe this final evidence. This girl told me afterwards that it was the repeated few kind words spoken to her when she used to be

She knew well that she was considered one of the worst characters in town. Disgusted with her depraved life, despairing of ever being able to get back to virtue, she had sent the landlady a little glass of her room, locked the door and took poison. She sought in death that peace which life had denied her. Fortunately she was discovered, and the doctor entered through an unfastened window in time to save her life after vigorous efforts. Like a sensible man, he sent her to the Army Home, where she was cared for by the matron. I may say here that this matron is known to be one of the most successful officers whom we have in the Rescue Work, and her success is entirely due to the pains she takes in making the girls feel that she really has a motherly interest in them, at the same time maintaining her authority. The best testimony that I can bring to this office is that wherever she has been, she has sought and professed salvation.

Mary's spirit was lifted up towards hope, and finally she found pardon in Christ. After giving good evidence of her conversion, she was found and she was sent to St. Louis, where she had relatives. She wanted to start a new life there. Alas, her good intentions were soon put to a severe test. A few days after leaving a letter from her informed the matron that she had been driven from the homes of her sisters, who had heard of her disgrace and now laughed at her profession of salvation. In that hour of bitterness the tempter came, and, pointing to the prospect of poverty, held out opportunities of an easy way to live. Thank God, Mary had found Grace that did not fail her in this hour, and she stood true against the frequent attempts of hell to re-capture her. She had truly learned to esteem the value of a salvation from the uttermost to the uttermost.

"I used to be an officer once, and know what salvation means to a man. But it is no use to get me out to the penitentiary, as I have fallen too far. I am a gambler, a blasphemer, a scoundrel and an all-round bad man."

He had been sitting all through the meeting with the ragings of an inner conflict depleted upon his countenance. Several times he had met him in different places, and always received the same answer.

The next time I saw him in the train. He told me that he met to do better, and that he was on his way to G—, where he owned a gambling house, which he meant to close and then get converted.

Several weeks later I received a letter from an officer in Montana, telling me of a glorious conversion. I recognized from the desertion at once my man. It appeared that he had not quit his despicable career when he told me he would, but had continued the same. Coming to the town in question, he had entered into a bicycle race on Sunday, and won the heavy purse and stake. Immediately he fell sick, and his conscience smote him so that he considered that his sickness was a warning from Heaven, and would mean death to him if he did not repent and make restitution. As soon as he could leave the bed he staggered to the barracks and gave himself to God, receiving the assurance of pardon then and there. Shortly afterwards he left for G—. Where he closed his gambling den, and to my knowledge, he is doing well still.

Before the Victoria Corps moved out of the old Sunday School into the present building, they had over their platform a large motto, "Remember Your Mother's Prayer." This was singularly appropriate, as I was going man had gone West to seek his fortune, only to find his greatest misfortune. I recollect distinctly an evening when this text seemed to rail off life, and compelled me to dwell on it. I felt strangely impressed to go straight to a young man half way down the building, who, upon being addressed by me, burst into tears and said, "I have been thinking of you, and I believe myself a hardened backslider, beyond salvation. It took me the best part of an hour to persuade him that there was still an opportunity for him. At last he broke away from his doubts and found a joyous forgiveness.

Ten months later, while on tour I had occasion to go through Seattle, where I saw driving through the city, while his face wore the shine of Heaven. How well I considered myself repaid for that hour of faithful dealing with him.

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Poor Mary!

I am led to believe that there are really a few bad men and women who secretly do not despise their own wickedness, as well as envy and respect virtue when they see its unselfish demonstration. We are so prone to condemn men when they show their beastly degradation that revolts our eyes and ears, showing us their worst side, while we would often be moved to pity and tender compassion if we knew their environments and understood the circumstances that led up to their present condition.

Poor Mary had sunk low, indeed.